

MUSIC
OR A
PARLER
OF
Instruments.

First Edition.

The First Part.

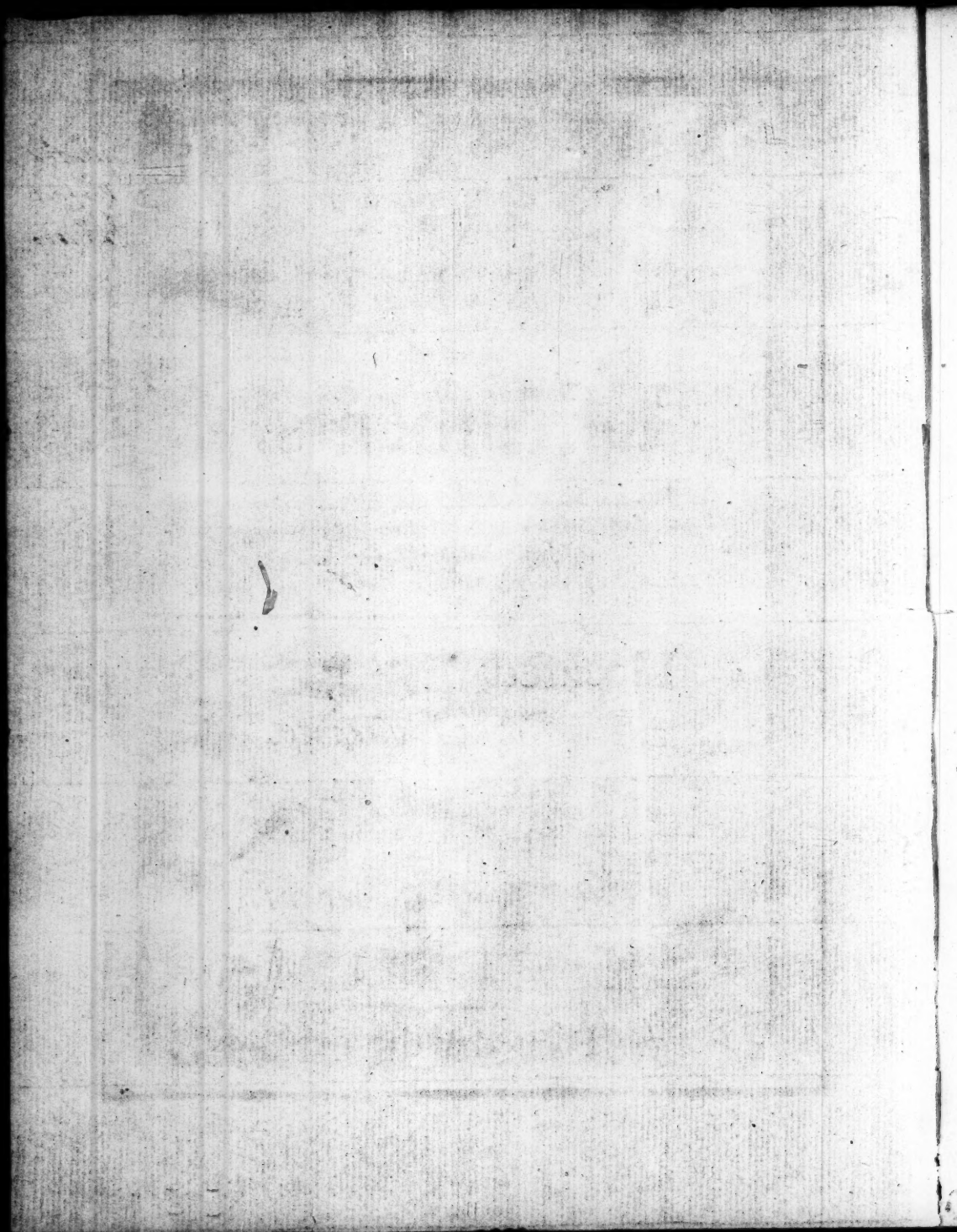
Licensed,

Roger L'estrang.

Oct. 30. 1676.

London, Printed in the Year 1676.

*Collected
&
Perfect.
J. H. 1800.*



The First Entertainment.

A full Consort of Instrumental Musick: After
that a Dialogue of three Voices, *Alexis*, *Strepho*,
Corydon, with assistant Voices.

Strepho. **W**Hat Harmony alarms my Ears?

Alexis. It is the Musick of the Spheres.

Strepho. Oh let me, let me dye,
And my transported Spirits fly
To yonder echoing Sky,

Where Love with Musick keeps eternal Harmony.

Alexis. Nay *Strepho*, stay,

With mortal Ears

Beneath the Spheres

You may partake, and hear them Play.

Corydon. Do then the Gods such joys to Mortals lend?

Alexis. The God of Musick, Goddess of the Arts,

Such joy imparts,

And in a Chorus often do descend.

Chorus. And in a Chorus,

And in a Chorus often do descend.

Song by Pallas.

From Mansions of Joy, and from Regions of Bliss,

Where Eternity flows with such measures as this,

Invok'd by your Musick the *Ethereal* Spheres,

Here *Pallas* descends in a Chariot of Ayres.

In such a sweet Consort our Empire does move,

While we joy in a Chorus of Musick and Love.

Strephon. May not Mortals then aspire!
Alexis. By the same Scale
 They Heav'n assail,
 And joyn in the Cœlestial Quire.

Pallas.

On Musicks soft Scale you to Heav'n do aspire,
 And call from his Throne great Jove to admire;
 Whilst all the bright Goddesses joyn in a Ring,
 To make up a Consort, and help you to Sing:
 In such a sweet Consort our Empire does move,
 While we joyn in a Chorus of Musick and Love.

Strephon. Do these Cœlestial Joys on Musick tend?

Alexis. Bright *Pallas* to confirm it does descend.

Corydon. Ere rais'd to Immortality!

Alexis. The Airy Cherubin, the Soul is free:
 On Love and Musicks wings,

Chorus. Aloft, aloft the flying sings

The Glories of Eternity.

Pallas.

By Love and by Musick our Kingdom does stand;

By Love and by Musick we rule and command;

While in Love we descend, you by Musick aspire,

Till our Souls do unite in a general Quire.

In such a sweet Consort our Empire does move,

While we joyn in a Chorus of Musick and Love.

Pallas ascends.

Strephon. Oh stay, bright Goddess, stay;

We'll ever Sing, and ever Play,

If you vouchsafe to agree

To make one general Harmonie.

A Consort of Instruments.

Strephon. *Alexis*, in this Universal Choir,
Where mighty *Phœbus* does with *Orpheus* meet,
With all his Votaries at his feet,
How many various sorts there be
Of Instruments in this joynt Harmonie,
You in amazement leave me to admire.

Alexis. Reckon the Creatures in their kind,
None can their endless number find.

Strephon. And yet these too
May be reduc'd to few.

Alexis. Or Men, or Trees, or Birds, or Beasts; nay all
That motion have, or live,
Are Vegetives, or Sensitive,
Or highest Rational,
Of Musick thus three sorts we do allow.

Corydon. Such as by Breath or Wind inspir'd do speak,
Do into joyfull numbers break,

Alexis. But quickn'd by the active Bow,
In sweeter measures flow.

Strephon. Or by the Fingers smother touch, or Quill,
Their gentler Notes distill.

Chorus. And all uniting will partake,
And one profound Pair-Royal make.

Strephon. This Trinity of Consorts I admire

Corydon. And I, dear *Strephon*, love.

Strephon. But are they so united in their Quire,
That for the best
Who does the best,

We may not yet more fully hear them move?

Alexis. The next Debatement shall apart their several
Vertues prove.

(4)

Strephon. The Harp, the Harpicons, Guittar and Lute,
Is my pretence.

Corydon. Mine the Wind-Musicks Excellence.

Alexis. And for the charming Bow I'll hold dispute.

Strephon. with you we'll first engage,

Corydon. And with the Conqueror we'll the Combat wage.

Chorus. We'll draw on each side,
And our Forces divide,
To merit, to merit the praise;
And he that does best,
Shall be own'd by the rest,
With Laurel, with Laurel and Bays:

The Second Entertainment.

A Consort of Lutes, Theorboes, Guittars, Harpicons, Violins, Viols, and all other Instruments struck with the Finger or Bow. A Dialogue of two, *Alexis, Strephon*, with assistant Voices. *Alexis* pleading for the Excellency of the Viols, Violins, &c. *Strephon* for the Theorboes, Lutes, and all other Instruments of that kind.

Alexis. *Strephon*, while we with you incorporate,

We labour in a mortal state;

Like Soul and Body we unite,

Your grosser parts retard our glorious flight:

But from your grosser Numbers free,

We, like the Soul, put on a kind of Immortalitie.

Stre-

Strepbon.

In us alone

The whole Composure of the Universe is shewn.
 In Counterpoint that comprehends each part
 Of our mysterious Art
 Which in us dwell,
 We do excell,
 Whilst every part an Element
 Does represent

Alexis. To weighty Earth what part can you compare?
 We are all Air.

Strepbon. The Bass as the foundation of the frame:
 The Tenor does the Watry Orb proclaim:
 The Mean, to Air; and to the Treble, Fire.

Alexis. But we the Composition do inspire
 With active Breath, and true *Promethean* flame,
 Without whose aid
 Your measures fade,
 Wanting a Spirit to inform the Frame.

Strepbon. The fire which he stole,
 Was but the Harmony oth' Soul;
 Which we with well-proportion'd parts dispos'd
 For a Reception have ith' parts infus'd, or else inclos'd.
 Thus with intrinsic fire
 The Treble, we ourselves inspire;
 We animate the Heart, inform the Ear,
 And every Finger's a *Prometheus* here.

Alexis. This Virtue best is shewn,
 When you display your parts alone. (slow)

Strepbon. You powerfull Minstrels, you whose charms do
 From Fingers skillfull touch, in sight of Bow,
 Now shew your power Divine,
 And in one Consort all your Virtue joyn.

A Consort of Theorboes, Lutes, Harps, Harp-
sicons, Guittars, Citterns, &c.

SONG.

*If Musick with all its Allurements can move,
We in a full Consort its Virtues can prove;
Whilst others in Singles but faintly do squeak,
We through a Concordance of Compounds do break.*

*Each in a full Chorus supplies every part,
And like to Loves Monarch does pierce through the heart.
Through Tenor and Bass to Treble we rise,
And make the Pair-Royal but one in the Skies.*

*Let others in simple Debates disagree,
While we make a Synod of joynt Harmonie;
And whilst our Assembly the Audience does awe,
Wee'l give Rules to the World, and to Musick give Law.*

Strephon.

Oh Divine!

Hark! hark! how sweet
The lofty Numbers meet,
As if Heaven did design
No other use of hand or sense,
In all its greatest, greatest Excellence,

Chorus.

In all its greatest, greatest Excellence.

Alexis.

Move on all you that owe

Your Beings to the quickning Bow;

Your Force together call,

And in one Consort all,

The amulating Discord overthrow.

**A Consort of Viols, Violins, and all sorts
of Bow'd-Instruments.**

SONG.

*Now merrily, merrily Boys,
Add spirit to every String,
A single Voice
Yields a better noise*

*Then a clamorous Gossiping,
Their Consort is dull to the Croud,
While our single Notes agree,
A Billings-gate noise is far more loud,
But not half so good Harmony.*

*Let them boast of their various Parts,
That jumble like Cramboes in Rhime,
And cry up their Arts,
If we win their hearts,
Wee'l Rival them all in time.*

*The Women for us give their votes,
Then merrily let us play,
With Treble and Bass let's joyn our Notes,
We're Consort as well as they.*

Alexis. Are you convinc'd by this transporting Air?

Strephon. 'Tis fine; and yet, *Alexis*, not so rare,
Nor dare you yet with us compare.

Alexis. Where lies your chiefest Excellence?

Strephon. With every Part in pleasing every Sense.

Alexis. But we those Senses do inspire

With sprightly Air, and lively Fire

Strephon. We, we command *Apollo's Lyre*

Alexis. We Spirit yield to Musicks deepest sounds.
Strephon. We taught you first the grounds. (rise,
Alexis. But we a lofty structure did from that foundation
 And Airy Pyramids whose tops aspiring pierce the Skies.
Strephon. Since we cannot agree while our Notes we com-
 Let's joyn in a Chorus, (pare,
Alexis. Let's joyn in a Chorus
Strephon. Of melodious, of melodious Air.
Chorus. Of melodious, of melodious Air.

The Third Entertainment.

A Symphony of Theorboes, Lutes, Harps, Harp-
 sicons, Guitars, Pipes, Flutes, Flagellets, Cor-
 nets, Sack-butts, Boboys, Rechorde, Organs,
 and all sort of Wind-Instruments. A Dialo-
 gue of two, *Strephon*, *Corydon*: *Strephon* main-
 taining the Excellency of the Lutes, Harpsi-
 cons, &c. *Corydon* of the Pipes, Flagellers,
 and Wind-Instruments: with assistant Voices,
 and Violins.

Corydon. IN what best Region do these Consorts move?
Strephon. They are begot below, but rule above.
Corydon. From whence do they arise?
Strephon. From Air and Earth
 They take their Birth,
 And keep their Center in the Skies.
Corydon. How do they rule; how are they nourisht there?
Strephon. In the Harmonious Sphere:
 Musick Camelion-like does fare,
 By Fancy its begot, and lives by Air.

Corydon.

Corydon. But whence this ~~various~~ variety of Sounds?
 And yet the different Notes in Numbers soft,
 Unite in one and fly aloft, aloft,
 As if they own'd no Measure, knew no Bounds.

Strephon. The Heathens never worshipt more
 Fam'd Gods in former time,
 Than in this Consort we adore
 Divinities sublime;

To various Notes each Instrument is free.

Corydon. And every Note invokes a Deitie.

Strephon. Here in a Symphony of soft Musick
 Pallas descends as from above.

Corydon. In yonder Sky what Star appears?

Strephon. Pallas descending from the Spheres,
 And with a Train of Starry Nymphs to crown
 Our mutual Harmony comes singing down.

Song by Pallas.

Musick, the bounteous gift of Heaven,
 Was to the world a Present given,
 Whilst Apollo and I

Do command in the Skie,
 To keep the sweet Composure even.

Chorus. Natures whole frame did from Sympathy flow,
 From hence she took motion, and hence she took
 (Law.

Hence Orpheus with Harmonious Lyre,
 Brought Trees to dance, Beasts to admire;

While witty Amphion,
 Whom Thebes did rely on,
 By Musick rais'd their City higher:

Chorus. The Harmonious Scepter o're Nations did sway,
 Made Savages tame, and the Satyrs obey.

*It moves to Courage, yields Delight,
And still to Virtue does invite;*

Then let us all follow

Our Master Apollo,

Who made the World grow civil by't:

Chorus. *It inspireth the mind, and delighteth the Ears,
And flies to its Center above in the Spheres.*

[*Pallas ascends; soft Musick.*]

Corydon. *Strepson, in this mixt Symphony I find
Something more sweet, more charming in our wind,
Then all your vaunted Parts of warbling Air.*

Strepson. *And yet with Corydon we dare compare.*

Corydon. *This task we must perform alone;*

Let us divide,

And draw our Forces on each side,

Your Consort does disturb our Unisons.

Strepson. *We are a Legion in one,
And mighty Phœbus is our Generall.*

Corydon. *Great Pan did our Authority install:
The Pipes and Tabrets into Squadrons drew;
On Martial Troops we did attend,
And Courage oft did lend,*

Before whose Sound whole Armies, Armies flew.

Strepson. *You boast the Terror of your Sound,
Yet our inclusive Parts are more profound;
In a pacifick strain*

We on victorious Princes wait

In their Triumphal, their Triumphal State.

Corydon. *While we the Victory do gain,
And do the Combats heat maintain.*

Strepson. *We late a mighty Monarch did subdue.*

Corydon. *And we the Conqueror Conquest will pursue.*

Can-

Consort of Lutes, Theorboes, Harpsicals, &c.

SONG.

Now try for the Conquest the chieftest of Arts,
 And let every Finger a Harmony prove;
 In a triple of Parts we cherish sad hearts,
 And in a Pair-Royal of Descants we move.

Chorus. *With Treble we raise
 Mean, Tenor, and Base,
 And keep a due distance of measure and space.*

In a Broadside of Consorts that reaches the Spheres,
 Which every Minstrel dischargeth alone,
 We pierce through the Fancy, and tickle the Ears,
 And three to their one but we board them anon.

With Treble we raise, &c.

Then stand to your Tackling, and handle your Cords,
 Let the Pipes and Recorders grow hoarse in the throat,
 They are but our Tenants, while we rule like Lords,
 And make all the Rabble agree in a Note.

*With Treble we raise
 Mean, Tenor, and Base,
 And keep a due distance of measure and space.*

Sirephon. These are our Creatures all that do obey
 Th' immediate Fingers motion, or the Quill.

Corydon. And yet in this vast Sea
 Of Musicks boundless Law,
 Where Consorts like whole Rivers flow,
 In clearer Streams our single Notes distill.

Sire

Strephon. Consort, the Soul of Musick and of play,
 The Depth and Glound of our mysterious Arts,
 Flows through our veins whilst each of us does sway,
 In a Triumvirat of breathing Parts. (meet

Corydon. Your various Parts, like three great Tides that
 Ith' Ocean, roar, and serve to make a noise;
 While we in gentle Breaſes greet,
 And flow in one ſweet Current of ſoft Joys.

Your Single parts by us embrac'd,
Strephon. Like Rivulets in the vaſt Ocean,
 Loſe both their reliſh and their taſte;
 We are a Harmony in one.

Corydon. As from the Spring and Fountain-head we ſhou'd
 Fresh Currents ſtill diſpence,
 And if we loſe our Excellence,
 'Tis cauſe we mingle with the Flood:
 Or if you labour to outdo,
 Becauſe a Conſort full you ſhaſe;
 Wee'l joyn our Pipes, and then we are
 A Harmony as well as you.

A Symphony of Wind-Inſtruments.

Song to the ſame.

Let *Strephon* boaſt loud,
 With Theorboe and Crand,
 Whiſt we do prevail
 In a merry briſk Gale,
 And conquer by force of our Sallies;
 Till it ſpread like the Air,
 Of which it does ſhare,
 And fills all the Groves and the Vallies.

Then

Then from the low Vail
 With a following gale
 We'll hallow and rise
 Through the echoing Skies,
 And still we mount higher and higher;
 While those by the way
 Do faintly decay,
 And weaker, and weaker expire.

The Theorboes and Lutes
 To the Pipes are but Mutes;
 They are Creatures, and live
 By the Breath which we give,
 And we by that Breath were inspir'd;
 Whilst they are outworn
 As soon as they're born,
 Like Orphans untimely retir'd.

Corydon. In this abstracted Symphony
 Of well-digested Air,
 There is an inward Harmony,
 Which your mixt Discord did impair.
 Strephon. Yet from our various Notes proceeds
 A more Harmonious sound.
 Corydon. As Showers which the Tempest breeds,
 Lie scatter'd on the ground,
 Or into swelling Vapours rise,
 While like bright Meteors we approach the Skies.
 Strephon. Pallas her Lute, and Orpheus his Lyre,
 Borrow'd from us to make a Quire.
 Corydon. And both do on our wings aspire:
 In such a Chariot mighty Love
 His universal Triumph first design'd,
 When on the Cherubins he mov'd,
 And flew upon the wings, the wings oth' Wind.

Stre-

Strephon. You boast the Glory of your flight,
And yet our Parts are more profound.
Corydon. But to your scatter'd Parts we add a Sp'rit.
Strephon. Then let us mix and make one great Compound.

Chorus.

*Like Birds we'll engender and bill in the Air,
The Gods never enjoy'd so happy a pair.*

*Then let us unite, and merrily play,
We'll sport all the Night, and we'll sing all the Day;*

In Consorts of Love

Each Couple shall move,

Then the new-marry'd Bride more cheerfull and gay.

Like Birds we'll engender, &c.

*In a various Chorus of Musical Lays,
Our Fancies shall meet, and our Spirits embrace;*

While the Goddesses of Love

Our mirth shall approve,

And the Nymphs in a Row our Nuptials shall grace.

Like Birds we'll engender and bill in the Air,

The Gods never enjoy'd so happy a pair.

As showers which the temple precede

lie scatter'd on the ground,

Or into swelling Vapours rise

While like bright Meteors we approach the Skies.

And now upon the wings of Wind

When on the Cherubim descend

His living Light is kindling

In such a Christian midnight zone

And both do on our wings alight

Borrow'd from us to make a Quire

And thus we sing and appear his Pyre

FINIS